

*The Comittall Historie of*

Of wilde *Arabia* are as through-fares now,  
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.  
The watrie Kingdome, whose ambitious head  
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre  
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come,  
As ore a brooke, to see faire *Portia*.  
One of these three contains her heavenly Picture.  
Is it like that Lead contains her? 'twere damnation  
To thinke so base a thought; it were too grosse  
To ribb her scared cloth in the obscure grave:  
Or shall I thinke in silver shee's immur'd,  
Being ten times undervalewed to tryde gold.  
O sinfull thought, never so rich a Jew  
Was set in worfe then gold. They have in *England*  
A Coyne that beares the figure of an Angell  
Stamp't in Gold, but that's insculpt upon:  
But heere an Angell in a golden Bed  
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key,  
Here doe I choose, and thrive I as I may.

*Por.* There take it Prince; and if my forme lie there,  
Then I am yours.

*Mor.* O hell! what have we heare, a carrion death,  
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule?  
He reade the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,  
Often have you heard that told,  
Many a man his life hath sold,  
But my out-side to behold;  
Guilded Timber doe wormes insold:  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbes, in judgement old,  
Your answer had not been inscrolld.  
Fare yee well, your sute is cold.*

*Mor.* Cold indeed, and labour lost,  
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:  
*Portia* adiew, I have too greev'd a heart,  
To take a tedious leave: thus loofers part.

*Exit.*

*Portia*

*the Merchant of Venice.*

*Port.* A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,  
Let all of his complection choose me so. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Salarino and Solanio.*

*Sal.* VVhy man I saw *Bassanio* under sayle,  
VVith him is *Gratiano* gone along;  
And in their Ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.

*Sola.* The villaine Jew with out-cries rais'd the Duke,  
VVho went with him to search *Bassanio's* Ship.

*Sal.* He came too late, the Ship was under Saile,  
But there the Duke was given to understand,  
That in a *Gondylo* were seene together  
*Lorenzo* and his amorous *Iessica*.  
Besides, *Antonio* certified the Duke  
They were not with *Bassanio* in his Ship.

*Solan.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dogge Iewe did utter in the streets;  
My daughter, O my Ducats, O my Daughter  
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian Ducats,  
Iustice, the Law, my Ducats, and my Daughter,  
A sealed bagge, two sealed baggs of Ducats,  
Of double Ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,  
And Jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,  
Stolne by my Daughter: Iustice, finde the girle,  
Shee hath the stones upon her, and the Ducats.

*Salar.* Why, all the boyes in *Venice* follow him,  
Crying his Stones, his Daughter, and his Ducats.

*Solan.* Let good *Antonio* looke he keepe his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Solar.* Marry well remembred;  
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday.  
Who told me, in the narrow Seas that part  
The French and English, there miscaried  
A Vessell of our Countrey richly fraught:  
I thought upon *Antonio* when he told me,  
And wisht in silence that it were not his.

*Sol.* You were best to tell *Antonio* what you heare,

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Yet